

Immediate Fulfillment by Luddleston

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Summary:

If one calculated the length of time it had been since Anders last had sex compared to how desperately he wanted to, the number they came up with would be just below the threshold of the important factor known as *Anders' self-restraint*.

Patience is a virtue Anders cannot possibly be expected to have when Nathaniel is *right there* and might want him naked at any given moment.

Immediate Fulfillment

Author's Note:

Toyed with the idea of Nate bottoming my [other nanders fic](#), so then I decided yes, this should happen! Enjoy!

If one calculated the length of time it had been since Anders last had sex compared to how desperately he wanted to, the number they came up with would be just below the threshold of the important factor known as *Anders' self-restraint*.

This wouldn't, of course, be mathematically feasible, but Anders sort of wanted a number, and he wanted it to be a big number, just so he could push that number under a certain rather prominent nose and say, "*look. Look how good I am being. I did not even steal you away to ravage you while the Commander dealt with the aftermath of a lot of assassins and a pissy Bann in her hall.*"

Technically, they probably *would* have gone at it the other day, but Anders had been bestowed with the most important Warden duty he'd had yet: fatherhood. And certainly they couldn't get up to anything *lewd* in front of Pounce's impressionable eyes. Nathaniel had said the 'damn cat' did not need to sleep in Anders' bed, but he clearly didn't have a paternal bone in his body, so what would he know about parenting a kitten?

All told, that was the reason they were in Nathaniel's bed instead of Anders'. That was also the reason Anders said, "you cannot possibly call me that, I'm the *picture* of modesty."

Nathaniel repeated himself. "You're a *tart*."

"Call me that again, and I'll—" (The protest was fully Anders talking out his arse. He'd like Nathaniel to call him something much nastier.)

"You'll what?" Nathaniel asked, quirking one slim brow, his chin jutting forward impetuously.

If ever there was a way for a man to ask for a kiss. Anders wasn't about to say no. And this time, they weren't even bothering with the slow build—Nathaniel slung his arms around Anders' shoulders and kissed him back with the precise focus he normally directed at a distant target that was about to be skewered at arrow-point. He was good at this. A little neater about it than Anders would have liked, at times, but he had no doubt in his own capabilities to make a mess of a man.

All it took was a lick here, a kiss there, a grind that made him moan, Anders' tongue in his mouth, pulling away just quick enough to leave him desperate for more...

And a shove. Nathaniel tumbled right back onto his bed.

Maker, I am good.

"I like you like this," Anders decided. "You blush prettier than I thought you would."

He didn't. He got sort of splotchy, actually. But he got even redder when Anders called him pretty, and that, in a way, was very pretty indeed.

"Tell me what you want me to do to you," Anders said.

"Fuck me."

"Really?"

Anders did a brilliant job of pretending like he wasn't totally swept away by the sound of that particular request in Nathaniel's pleasant rasp of a voice. Really. He did.

"You said—" Nathaniel put a hand over his face, maybe just hiding his eyes. "You said you were good at it."

"Oh, I *am*." He simply expected to have to do a lot more wheedling before Nathaniel agreed to do things the other way 'round. "Thought you said all that in the heat of the moment."

“I don’t make a habit of saying things I don’t mean.”

This was the sort of gallant shit Nathaniel Howe said in *bed*, because when he wasn’t being a petulant grouch he was very much like some sort of storybook knight. ‘Noble’ in the definition where it meant *probably too good for Anders*.

Anders couldn’t think of anything to say that wasn’t deeply honest and therefore deeply embarrassing, so he just kissed Nathaniel’s neck.

“Anders,” Nathaniel said, his voice like fingernails scraping down Anders’ spine. “*Fuck me.*”

Anders shuddered, rocking his hips forward, just enough pressure on his cock to give him a tiny bit of relief. “I like the sound of you asking for my cock,” he said.

“And will you do something about it?” He couldn’t see Nathaniel, but he knew he was grinning.

“He’s *smug*,” Anders said. “That depends upon whether you finally got your own lube.”

“Top drawer.”

“Good man.”

Anders fetched the bottle because he was the one not currently pinned beneath another man, and it only seemed polite. Nathaniel took the opportunity to begin being a right bastard, and used the new space between them to lift Anders’ skirts and put his hands beneath.

“*Fuck*, you’re not waiting around for it, are you?” Anders said, because Nathaniel’s hand has gone right to his cock, not stroking, just cupping it, sort of, pressing it against his belly and toying with the head.

“I was under the impression you were done with being patient,” Nathaniel said. “Given that you’ve been waiting so long.”

“So you *have* noticed my honorable perseverance,” Anders said, snagging the jar from the drawer and then dropping it on the bed, loosening all the catches on his robes since Nathaniel’s clever bowman’s fingers were otherwise occupied.

“You tried to put your hand on my crotch under the table last night at dinner. You’re hardly subtle,” Nathaniel said.

Anders loosened his robes enough to pull the whole garment over his head and deposit it on Nathaniel’s floor. “I find subtlety is more suited to men who don’t shoot lightning at their enemies. Rogues, perhaps.” He flicked open the buttons on Nathaniel’s shirt, a black silk that looked plain from afar, but was delicately embroidered when you got close enough to look. “You’re subtle enough for both of us, is what I’m saying.”

“Keep groping me at dinner and even that subtlety won’t be enough.”

“Don’t tempt me,” Anders purred, rocking back against Nathaniel’s cock in retaliation, because he knew his lewd suggestion would not be so appreciated as his ass would.

“That was not a temptation,” said Nathaniel, “it was a discouragement.”

“Oh, how sorry am I,” Anders said, not a whiff of apology about him. Watching Nathaniel pull open his trousers made it difficult to give a fuck about anything else. “Forgive me, I got the impression you were sort of enjoying the thrill of almost being caught. What with the library. And the Deep Roads.”

“I wouldn’t have let you touch my prick in the deep roads,” said Nathaniel.

“Yes, you would have.” Anders eyed him steadily, waiting for him to crack. *Admit it.*

Nathaniel did *not* admit it, he shoved Anders over. Since this was mostly to allow himself to finish stripping out of his trousers, and since Anders just landed on the surprisingly fluffy mattress (he’d always pictured Nathaniel

as one of those people who thought sleeping on a hard surface made you tougher) he couldn't fault him.

Anders tried to resituate himself between Nathaniel's legs, but Nathaniel stopped him with a hand on his shoulder before he could. "Don't want to be face to face while we do this," he said. "You're going to be so fucking smug."

As he ought to be, Anders thought. Getting past Nathaniel Howe's prickly exterior was an accomplishment. One somebody might be, perhaps, smug about. "I'll be just as smug if I've got you face down, ass up."

"But I won't have to look at you," said Nathaniel.

"You wound me," Anders said, unscrewing the lid of the jar and sniffing the contents to make certain Nathaniel hadn't gotten some strange lubricant he'd never heard of. Just the regular salve like the kind Anders used. He couldn't picture Nathaniel going into the apothecary in Amaranthine asking for it. "I'm told smug is one of the best looks on me."

"*Quiet* is the best look on you," Nathaniel hissed.

Maker's breath, Anders didn't even need to touch him to see he was tense from head to foot. He leapt about a foot when Anders simply laid a hand on his back.

"Are you quite *sure* you want this? You're not just being a stubborn bastard?"

Nathaniel was quiet a long while, in which Anders' hand passed slowly back and forth between his shoulder blades. "I want this," he said, voice rough. "Anders, I want *you*. I just... ease me into it."

"I will," Anders said, something in his heart suddenly very tender. Terrible. Lovely. "What are your feelings on magic being used in the bedroom?"

"I said *ease me into it*."

“I simply meant to warm my hands a little while I touch you,” Anders said. “Some people find it soothing.”

“Fine, just don’t try to stick anything bewitched up my arse.”

“Impossible. All of me is bewitching.”

Nathaniel made a groan that was definitely not born of pleasure.

Anders straddled Nathaniel’s thighs, not bothering to be shy about it. He let his weight drop there, let Nathaniel feel him as he stroked Nathaniel’s back in long, slow passes. Anders wasn’t practiced in massage, as spiritual healing required no physical contact, but he could amplify the effects of a simple touch with warmth like hot bathwater and the tiniest bit of healing when he passed over sore muscles. Nathaniel’s back and shoulders were *impressive*—lean though he may have been, he’d built out significant muscle here.

Anders leaned closer, planting one hand in the sheets and slipping the other around Nathaniel’s side to his belly, pressing up until Nathaniel’s hips lifted and he was flush with Anders from thigh to chest. Anders kissed his shoulder and swore he could feel the warm path from his own hands on Nathaniel’s back, now pressed against his chest. His cock went between Nathaniel’s legs, just low enough that the head pushed against his balls.

“I could fuck you like this,” Anders said. “Slick up your thighs and make you keep your legs together so there’s a tight enough hole for my cock.”

“I said ‘ease me into it’ not ‘go easy on me’,” Nathaniel said, although he’d gasped a little on first hearing the suggestion.

“Suit yourself,” Anders said, “I like getting my thighs fucked, personally.” He slicked his first two fingers and pressed the middle one against Nathaniel’s hole, but not in, keeping some of the magical warmth in his fingertips.

“*Your* thighs?” Nathaniel said, notably breathy. “Are you quite sure? Given how bony you are— *ah*—“

“That’s right,” Anders said, pressing just his fingertip in. “What a lovely new way to make you quit berating me. How does it feel?”

Nathaniel made a strangled noise.

Anders pulled his finger out, and that earned him a look over his shoulder.

“I didn’t ask you to stop,” Nathaniel said.

“You also didn’t ask me to keep going. I’m looking out for you, darling,” Anders said. He leaned forward and kissed the dimples framing the base of Nathaniel’s spine. “I know you’re a man of few words, but I need a verbal answer sometimes.”

“Keep going,” Nathaniel said, as if through gritted teeth.

“That’s all I needed,” Anders said, and continued to make Nathaniel squirm and do his best to keep back all the little noises that wanted saying.

He was a quiet man, Nathaniel, but he could be pushed to words—to sounds, rather—when need be. Anders quite enjoyed working all those soft gasps and bitten-off utterances from him. It was like a game, but one Anders couldn’t possibly lose. He was too good at this.

“You must tell me when you’re ready for more,” he said, pushing two fingers in and out now, fucking Nathaniel just for the fun of it and not because he had any doubts Nathaniel would enjoy the feeling anymore.

Nathaniel was damningly quiet for just a moment. Then, Anders curled his fingers and his breath all blew out of him.

“What’s that, handsome?”

He got nothing in reply but another quiet groan.

“You want my cock in you, Nathaniel?”

Another groan, louder, more emphatic.

"Tell me," Anders said. "Say how much you want me to fill you up with my ___"

"Anders, *fuck me*."

He pushed his fingers deep again and curled them in another vicious tease. "I *am* fucking you."

Nathaniel muttered something.

"Care to elucidate, Howe?"

"I *said*, 'you're a twisted bastard and I hate you'," Nathaniel repeated.

"You really don't have to play hard to get when I'm two fingers deep in your arse." Anders' thumb pressed harder, just behind Nathaniel's balls, and he sucked in a breath. "Just ask me for it, Nathaniel."

"*Fuck* you."

"No, Nate, it's '*fuck me*'," Anders corrected. "And then it's, '*fuck me with your cock*.' I can do this all night, you know." He couldn't. His wrist was already getting sore. But as long as it wasn't Wicked Grace, Anders could bluff.

Nathaniel gave an angry huff. His hands balled into tighter fists in the sheets.

"Or, I could get you off just like this," Anders said. His opposite hand came up so he could run his fingertips down Nathaniel's cock. "I *will* get you off like this. Because you don't seem like you really *need* my cock, do you?"

"Don't you dare. You absolute twat, Anders, *Maker*, you know I need you. *Fuck me*. Get your cock in me, you said you'd go *easy*, you prick, give it to me. *Give it to me*."

It was more than he'd ever expected. Nathaniel was ordinarily completely buttoned-up, endlessly formal, least likely of all the Wardens to swear, even when he was really pissed off. He told the Commander to '*go soak your*

head' instead of just saying '*go fuck yourself*,' and his insults, even at their most scathing, came out sounding posh.

That said, Nathaniel saying '*get your cock in me*' had Anders moving instantly for the little jar of lube. *Maker*, he should've slicked up his cock while he was still teasing.

"That's so good, fuck, good boy," Anders said, pulling his fingers out. He could see Nathaniel's shoulders clench and he wiped his hands off on the sheets (Nathaniel could get mad at him later) and petted the middle of his back. "You're alright, just give me a second. You ready?"

"I have *been*—" Nathaniel began, and that was all Anders needed to hear. He rocked forward, pushed in.

Nathaniel was silent, white-knuckling the sheets. Anders didn't move, kept stroking his back. "Alright, love?" he asked.

"Keep going," Nathaniel said. "It's just..."

"Yeah?" Anders asked, rolling his hips because *Maker*, if Nathaniel said he could move, he was gonna move. He felt too good to keep still.

"It's gonna be over too fast," Nathaniel muttered.

"Oh, darling." Anders bent over, kissed Nathaniel's shoulder. "I'll fuck you again. I'll fuck you whenever you want it. Seriously, say the word—I don't care if I've a mission scheduled, I'll tell the commander I have someone more important to do."

Nathaniel muttered something which sounded like, "*you're the worst Warden*," and so Anders endeavored to shut him up. He fucked him a little harder, and that worked.

Nathaniel came first, overwhelmed and sweet, spilling into Anders' hand. He buried his face in the pillows, and Anders truly wished he'd not antagonized Nathaniel into this position. Had Nathaniel been on his back, Anders could have seen the look on his face when he came. As it were, he'd

have to settle for the memories of Nathaniel coming inside him, and the way Nathaniel clenched around him and shuddered and moaned.

Anders *did* roll Nathaniel over once he pulled out, Nathaniel's orgasm leaving him loose-limbed and pliable enough to be pushed onto his back. Anders straddled him again, running his fingers up Nathaniel's chest, over a thick layer of hair.

"Do *not* come on my chest," Nathaniel heaved out in one breath. So much for pillow talk. "Don't want to clean it out of my hair."

"Well, I hate to tell you, love, but you've pretty much got hair everywhere." Anders said. It ran in a dark line all the way down Nathaniel's belly. "Unless you want me to put it in your mouth?"

"I want you to shut your mouth," Nathaniel said. He took Anders' cock in his hand instead.

"Oh, yes, do that."

"Maker, I wish you at least quieted down when you came," Nathaniel said. He couldn't exactly hide the little smile at the corner of his mouth, though.

"Spent too many years trying to come very quietly," Anders said. "I'll be loud if I want—oh. *Oh!*"

"That's it."

He rocked his hips forward, fucking Nathaniel's fist, coming into his palm and down his arm.

A little bit still got in Nathaniel's chest hair. And so what? He could wipe himself down for now, and take a bath later.

Anders, for one, had waited long enough to be in his arms.

Author's Note:

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